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[Translated from the German for this Journal.]

The Life and Characteristics of Beethoven.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Continued from page 146.)

Beethoven's contentedness with his condition, and the cheerful mood dependent on it, were, as we have already said, darkened by his uncertain state of health, especially by his increased hardness of hearing, which ended finally in total deafness. He wrote about it in the above-mentioned letter: "That envious demon, my poor health, has thrown a bad stone in my way—to-wit: my hearing for the past three years has grown continually weaker; and for this infirmity the first cause must have been furnished by my abdominal troubles, which you know are of long standing, but have here become so much worse that I have been constantly afflicted with diarrhœa and a consequent extraordinary weakness. My physician, Dr. Frank, wanted to restore tone to my body by strengthening medicine, and to my hearing by almond oil. But *prosit* (much good may it do!). Nothing came of that. My hearing became worse and worse, and the other trouble still remained. This lasted till last autumn, when I was many times in a state of despair. Then one medical *asinus* prescribed to me the cold bath, and a more cautious one the usual lukewarm Danube bath. That did wonders; my bowels were better; my deafness remained, or grew still worse. This winter again it went wretchedly with me. I had frightful attacks of colic, and I again relapsed into my former condition. And so it remained until about four weeks ago, when I went to Dr. Bering of the medical staff, because I thought that such a case required at once a surgeon; besides, I had always had confidence in him. He succeeded in almost entirely checking the violent diarrhœa. He ordered me the tepid Danube bath, into which I had to pour each time a little flask of strengthening matters, and gave me no medicine except four days ago some pills for the stomach and some tea [illegible] and I can now say, I find myself [illegible] they hum and roar all day and night long. I must say, I pass my life miserably. For two years I have avoided nearly all society, because it is not possible for me to say to people: I am deaf. Had I any other profession, I might get on better; but in my profession it is a dreadful situation. And then my enemies, whose number is not small, what will they say to it?

"To give you an idea of this wonderful deafness, let me tell you that I am obliged in the theatre to lean close against the orchestra to understand the players. The high tones of instruments, voices, when I am any ways off, I do not hear. In conversation it is to be wondered that there are people who never have remarked it. As I was often absent-minded, they set it down to that. Frequently too I scarcely hear a person talking in a low voice—the tones, to be sure, but not the words; and yet, as soon as one screams, it is unendurable to me. Heaven knows what will come of it. Bering says, it will certainly become better, if not entirely well. Already often have I cursed my existence. Plutarch has brought me back to resignation. I will, if possible, defy my fate, although there will be moments of my life when I shall be the most unhappy creature on God's earth. I beg you, say nothing to any one of my condition. Only as a secret do I confide it to you. Should my present state continue, I will come next Spring to you; you can hire me a house in some pleasant place in the country, and then I will become a peasant for half a year. Perhaps that will effect a change. Resignation! what a wretched resource! and yet that is all that there is left me."

Of an earlier mentioned friend of his youth in the time of his life in Bonn, Beethoven wrote: "Stephen Breuning is now here in Vienna, and we are together almost daily. It does me so much good to call up the old feelings again. He has really become a good and noble youth, who knows a little, and has his heart, as we all have more or less, in the right spot. I have very beautiful lodgings now, which look out upon the ramparts and are of double value for my health. I think I shall make it possible to have Breuning come to me. Your love of Art rejoices me much. Only write me how it can be done, and I will send you all my works, which now amount to quite a pretty number, which is increasing day by day. In return for the portrait of my grandfather, which I beg you to send me as soon as possible by the post wagon, I send you here the portrait of his descendant, your ever kind and heartily loving Beethoven, which has been published here by Artaria, who has often asked me for it. I will write immediately to Christoph Breuning and read him a bit of a lecture on account of his peevish humors. I will scream the old friendship right into his ear. Never have I forgotten one among you, ye dear and good ones, although I have not let you hear from me. But you know writing never was my forte. Even my best friends have not for years long received any letter from me. I live only in my notes, and one is scarcely down before another is begun. As I now write, I often make three or four things at the same time. Write to me oftener now. I will take care that I find time to write to you sometimes. One word of Ries, to whom my hearty greeting. As regards his son, I will soon write you, although I believe Paris is a better place than Vienna for him to make his fortune in. Vienna is overrun with people, and even the best merit finds it hard to sustain itself. Until the autumn or the winter I will see what I can do for him, for then everybody hurries back to the city again."

Beethoven had found a patron and an active furtherer of his talent in the first period of his Vienna life in the Prince Lichnowsky, mentioned in a foregoing letter, who had received him into his house, where he had remained till near the year 1800, alternating, however, with the country. The prince was a great friend and connoisseur of music. He played the piano, and studied diligently Beethoven's works, which he performed with more or less skill, and sought to prove to the young artist, whose attention was often called to the difficulties of his compositions, that he had no need to change anything in his manner of writing. Every Friday morning the Prince had music at his house. Besides four salaried musicians, Beethoven too was present, who willingly listened to the remarks of these gentlemen, as for instance, once when the celebrated violoncellist, Kraft, suggested to him to mark a passage of the third Trio of a symphony composed by him with *sulla corda G*, and in the second part of this Trio to change the 4-4 time, with which Beethoven had marked the finale, into 2-4 time. Beethoven's new compositions were always performed for the first time, so far as they were suitable for that, in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. Several great musical artists were generally present. There too was where Beethoven played over to the famous Haydn the three Sonatas, which he dedicated to him. It is related that Beethoven was there one day invited by the

Count Appony to compose a Quartet for a stipulated sum. Thus far he had produced nothing in that form. Repeatedly reminded by his friends of this commission, he at length set himself to work. The first attempt, however, resulted in a grand violin Trio; the second in a violin Quintet. In the house of Prince Lichnowsky, too, a Hungarian Count once laid before him a difficult composition by Bach, in manuscript, which he performed with great readiness at sight. A musician by the name of Förster brought him one day a Quartet, which he had only copied out that morning. In the second part of the first movement the violoncellist got out. Beethoven stood up, and while he kept on playing his part, he sang the bass accompaniment. To a friend, who expressed his wonder at his thorough knowledge, he said, smiling: "So the bass part *had* to be, else the author understood nothing of composition." Whereupon the latter remarked that he had played the Presto, which he never saw before, so fast that it would have been impossible to see the single notes. "That is not necessary," replied Beethoven. "If you read rapidly, a multitude of misprints may occur; you do not see nor heed them if you only know the language."

So far Beethoven had progressed in his musical culture through the fundamental instruction which, as before mentioned, he owed to the contrapuntist, Albrechtsberger, and to Haydn, after the return of that great master from England. His fame as a composer had been established in a few years through a succession of works, which did equal honor to the teachers and the scholar. To Vienna, which had been so far to his mind, he found himself tied forever after the death of the Elector Max Franz in 1801. He could not count with certainty on a support in his native city, Bonn, even if he had longed to go there. He had no need to be anxious about the means of subsistence. He had acquired so considerable a fame as a composer, that he could sell his compositions to the music-dealers at high prices.

Beethoven loved best to compose in the open air, in the midst of nature, which had always from his boyhood had great charm for him. There he could give himself up undisturbed to his ideas. He fixed them upon paper at once, and went on working upon them by the way and after his return home. We have before intimated that he was quite as great a pianist as he was composer. His virtuosity in the overcoming of great difficulties was wonderful. His most splendid exhibition of himself was in free fantasias. His musical delivery, if not always equally tender, was yet always brilliant. There he possessed an uncommon facility, not only in varying a given theme with the fingers, but in really working it up. In this respect he came the nearest to Mozart, perhaps, of all the modern musicians.

With his rich earnings at this time, he might (which was not always the case) have lived free from care. Brought up in straitened circumstances, and constantly kept, if only by his friends, under a sort of guardianship, Beethoven never knew the worth of money, and was anything but economical. Of this he gave a proof while he still lived in the house of Prince Lichnowsky. The dinner table was set at four o'clock. Beethoven held it an infringement of his liberty, a burthensome constraint, against which his nature rebelled, to appear there at that time. "There I must be at home every day at half past three," said he to a friend, "dress myself better, attend to my beard, &c., &c. It's more than I can bear." The result was, that he often went to a restaurant, where, as in all economical matters, he fared badly, since he neither understood the value of the articles nor that of money.

The peculiar sensitiveness of his character was in striking contrast with his ideal liberality, by which he often precipitated himself into all sorts of cares and quandaries. This led him into manifold misunderstandings with his patron, Prince Lichnowsky, so long as he was an inmate of his house, and with other friends; although they were for the most part soon healed over. When the first ebullition of rage was past, he lent a willing ear to rational suggestions, and his heart was speedily inclined again to reconciliation. The consequence was, that in such [illegible] he had begged pard[illegible] alone. One day he wrote as follows to a friend living in the same city with him: "In what a hideous light you have shown me to myself! O, I see it, I do not deserve your friendship! It was no consciously premeditated wickedness in me which made me treat you so; it was my unpardonable thoughtlessness." Beethoven closed the somewhat lengthy letter, full of the bitterest self-reproaches, with the words: "But no more! I will come to you myself, and throw myself into your arms, and beg for the lost friend, and you will give yourself back to me, the repentant, loving thee, never forgetting thee, Beethoven."

This irritability was partly a consequence of the gloomy humor into which he was brought by the weaker and weaker condition of his health. He had been obliged, in obedience to medical advice, to submit to the application of the bark of *Daphne mezereum.* About this and his physical sufferings, as well as about the remedies which had proved so fruitless, he speaks particularly in a letter written at Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1801, to his friend Wegeler.

"You wish to know how I am and what I take. Little as I like to talk about the matter, I most gladly do so with you. Bering for some months past has ordered blisters continually applied to both arms, consisting as you know, of a certain bark. This is an extremely disagreeable cure, since it robs me always of the free use of my arms for a couple of days, until the bark has drawn sufficiently, not to speak of the pain. It is true, I cannot deny it, the humming and roaring is somewhat weaker than formerly, especially in the left ear, with which my difficulty first commenced. But my hearing is not at all improved; I dare not determine whether it has not rather become worse. With my abdomen it goes better; especially when I use the lukewarm bath for some days, I find myself for eight or ten days tolerably well. I seldom take anything strengthening for the stomach. Of plunge baths Bering will not hear. On the whole I am very much dissatisfied with him. He has too little care and consideration for such an infirmity. If I had not first gone to him, and that too with much difficulty, I would never see him. What think you of Prof. Schmidt? I do not like to change, but it seems to me Bering is too much a man of practical routine, to get hold of many new ideas through reading. Schmidt seems to me in this regard a wholly different man, and perhaps would not be so careless. They relate wonders of galvanism. What do you say to that? A physician told me he had seen a deaf and dumb child restored to hearing in Berlin, and also a man who had been deaf for seven years."

Only for moments did a more tranquil mood return to him, soon snatched from him by a glance into a comfortless future. Weaker and weaker grew the hope in him of ever finding a complete relief, and he saw many of his darling plans thus thwarted. In this mood he wrote in the letter just referred to: "I am living somewhat more pleasantly again. You can scarcely believe how drearily, how sadly I have passed my life these last two years. Everywhere my weak hearing haunts me like a spectre. I fled from men, had to appear a misanthrope, and am in fact so little so. This change has been brought about by a dear, enchanting maiden [illegible] I have again some happy moments, and it is the first time that I could feel marriage could make me happy. That cannot be at present. I must tumble about still farther in the world. Were it not for my hearing, I should long since have travelled over half the world, and that I must do. For me there is no greater satisfaction than to pursue and show my art. Do not believe that I should be happy with you in Bonn. What should make me happier? Even your solicitude would sadden me; every moment I should read the sympathy upon your faces, and should only feel myself the more unhappy. Those beautiful scenes of my fatherland, what was vouchsafed to me in them? Nothing but the hope of a better condition. It would be mine but for this calamity. O, I would embrace the world were I but free from this! My youth, I feel it, but begins from now. Was I not always a dried-up man? My corporeal strength for some time since grows more than ever, and so too my spiritual energies. Every day I attain nearer to the goal, which I feel, but cannot describe. Only in this can thy Beethoven live. Not a word about rest! I know of none but sleep, and it vexes me enough that I must give more to that than formerly. Give me but half delivery from my trouble, and then, as the completed, ripe man, I will come to you and renew the old feeling of friendship. You must see me happy, as it is allotted me to be here below, and not unhappy. No—that I could not endure! I will clutch hold of the wheel of Fate; surely it shall never bow me down entirely. O, it is so beautiful to live one's life a thousand times. I feel I am not made for a still life."

Almost equally as by his own condition was he troubled about the welfare of his early friend, Stephen von Breuning, living in Vienna. "The life here," he wrote, "involves too many fatigues for his health. Besides, he leads such an isolated life, that I really do not see how he could improve. You know how it is here. I will not say that society would impair his relaxation. One cannot persuade him to go anywhere. I had music at my rooms a short time since; but our friend Stephen staid away." In that Beethoven found all the more proof of his friend's melancholy, since Stephen von Breuning was an amateur, who had made himself an excellent violinist, and had sometimes played in the electoral chapel at Bonn. He seldom enjoyed uninterrupted contentment, owing doubtless in a great degree

to his active labors, which he kept up incessantly until his death in June 1827.

[To be continued.]

Vivier.

(Translated for the Lond. Mus. World from "L'Illustration")

Although a great deal has been written about Vivier in every language, in Turkish and Russian, English and French, German and Italian, &c., &c., he is little known except among his friends. By the public he is seen, as it were, surrounded by the glorious halo of an artist at once incomparable and original, which threatens to make him pass for some fantastic and legendary personage.

It is time that the world should know in what light to behold him, and that we should raise the veil which hides the face of the gifted and eccentric being called Vivier.

Vivier is a Corsican by birth; his family is connected with the most illustrious of his country, among others that of the Colonnas of Istria. His grandfather, staff-surgeon to the armies of Louis XVI., was a Norman. He may thus be likened to an apple-tree grafted on a mountain chesnut, growing in a sunny land, beneath a blue sky. His temperament is robust, harmonious, and poetic. His strength is immense, he can break the hardest nuts between his finger and thumb, as well as perform other feats of physical strength; and if ever he were to give way to violent anger, he would, without doubt, be capable of accomplishing extraordinary things.

This singular physical organization is a great advantage. Vivier possesses wonderfully powerful lungs and a Herculean frame. He is a fine swimmer, and in diving often remains so long under the water as to frighten his friends. When he breathes into his horn, every one else is obliged to take his breath three or four times while he holds on a note, *piano* at first, and then swelling into a powerful *fortissimo*.

Vivier passed his childhood at Brioude in the Haute-Loire, where he first began his studies and where his musical genius was at first revealed. His father held an appointment in the *administration des finances*, and was possessed of a fine artistic organization, playing capitally both on the horn and the violin. His three sisters were, also, excellent musicians. It is thus seen that Vivier was born in a musical atmosphere. There was at the college of Brioude a professor of music and dancing, who had the honor of teaching Vivier the violin. One day, during the holidays, the young student got hold of his father's horn, and he had no sooner applied it to his lips than he found he had a perfect *embouchure*. He immediately took a great fancy to the instrument.

Vivier was soon after sent to Poitiers, to an appointment under government. He did not forget to take his horn and violin with him, and most likely found more amusement with them than with his pen.

It was during this time, that by constant and indefatigable practice, he discovered how to produce double and treble notes simultaneously on the horn. He at first obtained the notes in octaves, but did not stop in his "career of conquest," for the sounds coming coarsely and loudly, he was not master of them, and could not, for a length of time, soften and then render them expressive. It was not till after continual study and practice that he was enabled to conquer the rebellious sounds and bend them to his sovereign will.

After having finished his term at Poitiers, Vivier was sent to Lyons to continue his government functions. There he pursued his musical studies, both at the theatre, as an amateur violinist, and in private parties, where he played quartets. He was one of the greatest favorites in the *réunions* of Mad. Mongolfier, a celebrity at that time.

The manager of the Lyons theatre offered Vivier splendid terms as solo horn in the orchestra; but, like another Hippocrates, Vivier refused the offer of this modern Artaxerxes. He felt himself impelled by an inward monitor; he instinctively believed he had a mission to fulfil. One day Vivier asked leave of absence, and, with his eye fixed on his guiding star, started for Paris, where he arrived with 25 francs in his pocket, and descended at the Hôtel de l'Univers, rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, where he was located in a room on the seventh floor above the *entresol*.

With his usual self-confidence, Vivier called upon the heads of the Government department in which he was employed, to solicit the favor of being employed in Paris. For, above all, he would not give pain to his family, who always dreaded to see him abandon himself exclusively to music. By good fortune, the chief of the staff, M. David, was an excellent violinist. He heard, and at once understood Vivier, and obtained for him a prolonged leave of absence, and a promise of the first vacancy in Paris.

Behold him, then, in Paris, more occupied, no doubt, with music than with finance; always calm, gay, conscious of his strength, which never left him, waiting at home for fortune, and disdaining to run after the coquette.

A dramatic author, a man of *esprit*, who already knew Vivier, kindly offered the use of his rooms, that he might be heard by the most distinguished composers and artists of Paris. Vivier there met Auber, Halévy, Adam, etc., and, after playing before them, was acknowledged and saluted as "King of horn-players, while waiting for the place of horn-player to the king." The newspapers of the month of May, 1843, recorded this great event. We cite a curious extract:

"Give yourself the task of solving an insoluble problem, and imagine that you have succeeded. The quadrature of the circle, aërial navigation, universal peace—realize, in short, Utopia, and you will not be more astonished than we were with what we heard a few days since.

"Assemble all the scientific academies, all the physicians of Europe, and tell them you have heard a man, who, by blowing in a single tube, produces two sounds simultaneously; they will tell you the thing is impossible. But if you persist, and add, moreover, that you have heard, in the same way, *three* simultaneous sounds, you will run a great risk of being taken either for a madman or a fool. And going still further, should you declare that you have heard FOUR sounds at the same time, you may reckon upon obtaining a certificate that you are both. Our readers must therefore arm themselves with indulgence, and repose implicit faith in our words; they must consent to believe than an impossibility is possible. We shall then, with fuller confidence, attempt a description of what we heard.

"Luckily we are not without accomplices in credulity. Auber, Halévy, and the *élite* of literature and art, whom a colleague in the dramatic commission, Ferdinand Langlé, had assembled together at his house, can testify to the astonishment which this marvellous exhibition created.

"We allude to a young artist—M. Vivier—recently arrived in Paris, who plays on the horn (an ordinary horn without any artificial appliances), passages in chords of two, three, and four notes. What means M. Vivier employs to accomplish this strange phenomenon, which reverses all the laws of acoustics, is his own secret—a secret which no one else can fathom. Whether it is an individual gift, or a discovery that can be made available by others, Vivier alone can tell. All we know is, that the incredible feat has been achieved, and in the presence of witnesses whom it would be folly to endeavor to deceive.

"M. Vivier was in a room separated from his hearers when he played his first *morceau*, and we are ready to acknowledge that we were all rather suspicious of some trickery.

"But when M. Vivier came amongst us, and after playing a few single notes on the horn in the style of ordinary mortals, he produced several notes together, without preparation, and without taking the instrument from his lips, it was plain there was no deception in the matter, and that it was simply a thing inexplicable, a *quasi* miracle which we had witnessed.

"Horn players are generally divided into two classes—*first horns*, who play only the higher, and *second horns*, who play only the lower notes. The instrument, however, is the same in both instances, the difference being made by the *embouchure*. M. Vivier is neither a *first* nor a *second* horn—or better, perhaps, is both. He has made a particular study of the 'shut' notes, which he produces with a power that we never observed in any other horn player.

"In the key of F he played a scale of three octaves, sounding at the same time four C's in diatonic succession."

The above article was signed "Adolph Adam." We have given it complete, as much because the writer is an authority in such matters, as because, dating from the period at which it was written, M. Adam was always an enthusiastic admirer and devoted friend of Vivier.

At Adam's house Vivier met the musical celebrities of the day: Spontini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, &c. At the time of the visit of the Queen of England to Eu, Vivier added to the brilliancy of the *fêtes* which were given on the occasion. Her Gracious Majesty complimented him, and expressed a wish to hear him in London. In London, by the way, Vivier made himself known to the public in association with Thalberg.

The career of the artist developed itself day by day. His little room at the Hotel de l'Univers was besieged by distinguished visitors. Rossini never missed an opportunity of listening to Vivier, who, accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Adam, daily delighted the ears of the great composer. He played at several of the nobility's mansions—at the Duchess of Maillé's, MM. Duchâtel, de Vatry, etc. It was not, however, till the year 1846 that Vivier made his *début* at the Théâtre-Italian before the Parisian public. His success on that occasion was immense, and the judgment, long before confirmed by competent critics, was ratified by the bravos of an enthusiastic public. We forgot to state that, when in London, he had sent a letter to the *Ministre des Finances*, tendering the resignation of his appointment, which was accepted with great regret.

And now Vivier could follow the bent of his inclination, and visit the scenes of his future conquests, England, Germany, Holland, Prussia, and even Turkey, certain of being welcomed with enthusiasm. The palaces of kings were open to him, as well as the *chateaux* of the nobility, and the more modest houses of men celebrated for their talents. He could not move a step without a hand being stretched out to grasp his; without eyes that sought his; and friends and admirers who courted his society.

And why? It is because Vivier is not only an accomplished and superior artist, but a composer of genius, and a musician of the first rank. He sings with exquisite taste, and plays the violin admirably, even when he uses it in the form of a guitar. Nature has been so bountiful to him, that he has every mode of expression at his command: the horn, the violin, the pianoforte, the voice, and mimicry. His throat is as flexible as his ear is fine. Above all, he is a man of delightful *esprit*, quick, "*prime-sautier*," with great tact, active and strong, full of life and vivacity. It does not require much more to please, or, at least, to be sought after with eagerness.

(Conclusion next week.)

[From the London Musical World.]

Opinions of Continental Organs.

During a recent tour, I had an opportunity, through the kindness and attention of the builder, Walcker of Ludwisburg, of examining the magnificent new organ in Ulm Cathedral, which will be the largest he has yet built, if not the largest in the world. It stands at the west entrance under the tower arch, and the surrounding walls serve for three sides of a case. A vast space is thus allotted to the various portions of the organ and the sound boards are particularly wide and free.—Indeed the interior is quite majestic, and affords ample space for inspecting the details of mechanism, pneumatic application, &c.

The blowing apparatus consists of twelve upright cylinders in zinc; the upper end being weighted to force the air into the different trunks and is raised again by means of the ordinary valves underneath. This method of supplying

the lungs of an organ is rather common in Germany, and appears desirable where space is limited, although that cannot be an object in this instance.

* * * The design of the organ is grand and comprehensive in the extreme, and embraces everything that can be imagined. Not being completed at the time of my visit, it was not possible to judge of the aggregate effect, but the quality of the portion I did hear, struck me as very beautiful. Walcker produces charming 8 and 4-feet work, and perhaps in this department he is not surpassed. The metal is of course first-rate, with fine voicing and an excellent temperament; the 8-feet work in his organs is very fascinating.—Judging from his organ at Frankfort, neither his reeds, nor mixtures, equal those of some other builders, but there appears to be some special excellence belonging to each of the great foreign builders. Reed work may be the *forte* of the French builders, but mixture work certainly is not; while the Germans (to whom we look for everything that is orthodox, as they certainly have been the originators of the great style of organ building) appear to have obtained by simple means a *variety* of tone in their flue works, of which in England there is little idea. In this respect, varying the scales, voicing, and formation of the mouth of the pipe, Walcker has displayed his resources and ingenuity.

Most of the reed work is of the free species, including the Vox Humana, the body of which is similar to our stopped diapason, perforated. The registers are ranged in a semicircular form, on either side of the manuals, and are very convenient for use. The Double Pedal board also presents greater facilities to the performer than could be expected; the second or small pedal organ slanting upwards beyond the first pedal. The naturals are 10 inches in length, the harps 4.—The sixteenth principal, in wood, has the upper lip of iron, attached to the body of the pipe, which is moveable, to regulate the intonation.—The sixteenth violin is only 4½ inches inside measure. The fugara is of a very small scale in metal, with three ears, and most of the metal pipes have an arched upper lip with moderate nicking (as we term it, the excess of which tends to deteriorate the tone.) The cost of the organ is 28,000 florins, (£2,240 sterling.)

A short account of the organ at Weingarten may not be uninteresting; as, though it has been held in universal renown, the place itself has, hitherto, been difficult of access. Weingarten nearly adjoins Ravensburg, which has a station on the Wirtemberg line of Railway, about an hour's ride from Ulm. The situation of the abbey is very commanding, and the surrounding scenery for extent and beauty probably surpasses even that seen from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The abbey is ascended by a long flight of steps, and is a very large and handsome building in the Italian style. It is sumptuously decorated and in good preservation.

Not so the organ, which has not been cleaned since its erection, and, therefore, is in a lamentable condition, and much dilapidated. It was commenced in 1739, and completed in 1752.—The case is as splendid as the abbey itself, and very gorgeous. The wind is supplied from 12 large bellows (which are placed in a distant chamber,) and conveyed through one immense trunk, but is not adequate to the requirements of the instrument. There are not two pedal organs, nor a mixture of 60 ranks, as recently stated.—The size and extent of the organ is somewhat like that at Haarlem, and were it as well preserved, it would probably yield a similar sweetness and brilliancy: but the resonance of the Abbey is inferior to that of St. Nicholas at Haarlem. The Weingarten organ evidently stands in its original integrity, and, on this account, is unusually interesting. The 32-feet metal speaks with a purity which characterizes the whole instrument, as far as it is possible to judge of the tone through the accumulation of dust; but considering the epoch at which it was built, the organ, throughout, is a wonderful specimen of skill and ingenuity. The carillons are played from the pedals; they are beautiful in tone, and contain a great portion of silver. There is also a small organ near the choir, by the same builder, Gäbler, of Ravensburg, who probably built the numerous organs in his native place, besides that at Stuttgart, which is nearly equal to the Weingarten, and has lately been renovated by Walcker. The large organ registers are ranged horizontally (an idea probably suggested to Cavaillé at the Madelaine.)

The organ at Freiburg (*en Suisse*) is a fine instrument in the *ensemble*, but on analysis it seems to be over-rated. The tone is good, but of moderate quality. The Vox Humana, I think, is excelled by Cavaillé at the Madelaine, although this register has probably gained for the organ half its renown. It stands in a position peculiarly favorable for effect, viz., in a swell (of which there are two) which opens behind the organ in the lowest part, causing the tone to speak under the tower-arch, from whence it travels into the building subdued and modified. The sub-bass, 32 feet, is a 16-feet bourdon. Some of the most striking registers are those recently introduced by Haas of Berne, viz., two free reeds, a clarinet 8 feet, and a physharmonica, a new flute, quint, and quintadine of 16 feet. The effect of this last is very beautiful, and proves great skill in voicing, the double sound of the fundamental tone combined with its harmonics being singular, yet charming. The organist, M. Vogt, makes free use of the clarinet as a solo stop in his storm illustrations, which he certainly manages well. The free reeds, now very general on the Continent, form a pleasing contrast to the beating reeds, and for solo purposes are preferable. The Paris builders produce them in the greatest variety and perfection; and I think they would be an advantage in English organs, but they are difficult to make well.—Another striking feature in the Freiburg organ is the cornet (which certainly ought not to have been discarded in large English organs). The one termed 16-feet contains a bourdon of this pitch from 2-feet C, and with the thick nasal quality peculiar to this register, imparts gravity and weight of tone in the full organ. It binds the mixtures with the 8 and 16-feet work well together, and destroys that piercing tone, which is too often a most unpleasant characteristic of modern organs. Haas of Berne is a builder of great repute, and he has lately reconstructed the cathedral organ of that place, where his free reeds are very prominent. The *jeux de fond* are very good, but the mixtures are bad. Haas is just completing a new organ at Basle of grand proportions, and is about to build a similar instrument at Lucerne.

I remain, your obedient servant,

CHAS. M. KOSKELL.

The Native Lands of Voices.

We begin with the Contralto. It is a curious fact that this voice is found principally in the southern parts of Italy and Spain, and among the poorer classes that work in the open air. I have always remarked in my own country (Italy), that in small provincial theatres, the Contralto chorus-singers are in far greater number than the Soprano; I have no doubt that this is owing to the hard labor and frugal fare of these women, (they being mostly peasants, following some laborious out-door occupation), which manner of living gives to the vocal organs greater strength and volume.

The Mezzo Soprano is, if I may so speak, cosmopolite; for everywhere may this voice be found. Mme. Malibran, Spain; Stoltz, France; Sheriff, England, &c., &c.

Northern countries, on the contrary, are the cradle of fine Soprano voices. Mad. Sontag, Germany; Persiani, North of Italy; Demeric (who had one of the most beautiful voices possible), Hungary; Jenny Lind, Sweden; Damoureau Cinti, North of France.

The Tenor voices are principally found in the centre of Italy and South of France. Nourrit, Montpelier; Rubini, Bergamo; Duprez, Toulouse; Mario, Bettini, and Gardoni, centre of Italy.

Bass and Baritone are also cosmopolites. Lablache and Benedetti, Naples; Bariolhet, France; Tamburini, Bergamo; Badiali, Marini, and Beneventano, centre of Italy; Herr Formes, Germany. But Russia may boast of having produced the very deepest and most powerful Bass.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

NOTES ON BELLS.—Human eccentricity nowhere records itself more nakedly than on bells, for example—At Albourne, on the first bell, we read, "The gift of Jos. Pizzie and Wm. Gwynn,

Music and ringing we like so well
And for that reason we give this bell."

On the fourth bell is—

"Humphry Symsin gave xx pound to buy this bell,
And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well."

A not uncommon epigraph is—

"Come when I call
To serve God all."

At Chilton Foliott, on the tenor, is—

"Into the church the living I call,
And to the grave I summon all.
Attend the instruction which I give,
That so you may for ever live."

At Devizes, St. Mary, on the first bell, is—

"I am the first, altho' but small,
I will be heard above you all."

And on the second bell is—

"I am the second in this ring,
Therefore next to thee I will sing."

Which, at Broadchalk, is thus varied.

"I in this place am second bell,
I'll surely do my part as well."

On the third bell at Colne is—

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell
Of well disposed people, as I do you tell."

At Bath Abbey, on the tenth bell is—

"All you of Bath that hear me sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

On the fifth bell at Amesbury is—

"Be strong in faith, praise God well,
Frances Countess Hertford's bell."

And on the tenor—

"Altho' it be unto my loss,
I hope you will consider my cost."

At Stowe, Northamptonshire, and at St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, we find—

"Be it known to all that doth me see
That Newcombe, of Leicester, made me."

At St. Michael's, Coventry, on the fourth bell, is—

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their work to go."

On the seventh bell is—

"I ring to sermon with a lusty bome,
That all may come and none can stay at home."

On the eighth bell is—

"I am and have been called the common bell
To ring, when fire breaks out to tell."

At St. Peter's-le-Bailey, Oxford, four bells were sold towards finishing the tower, and in 1792 a large bell was put up, with this inscription—

"With seven more I hope soon to be
For ages joined in harmony."

But this very reasonable wish has not yet been realized; whereas at St. Lawrence's, Reading, when two bells were added to form a peal of ten, on the second we find—

"By adding two our notes we'll raise,
And sound the good subscribers' praise."

[From the Canadian Musical Review.]

Musical Criticism.

In our editorial capacity it becomes our duty to pass judgment on the performances of others, be they artists or amateurs; and invariably will our remarks be found not only to have been generally averse to those expressed by our daily contemporaries, but contrary probably to the opinions of some of our readers. People in this latitude have become so accustomed to read such flattering encomiums on musical performances that they might almost imagine that remarks or criticisms disparaging to the persons interested, were suggested by ill feeling or prejudice, and certainly it is apparently contrary to all past practice for

concert givers to expect anything at all approaching a fair or just criticism of their performances.—What they expect is to read that their performances were in the highest degree successful, and the applause (no matter whether bestowed by an intelligent and appreciating audience or not) was truly well merited. How true to nature this is! Who, embarking all his hopes of wordly success on the favorable opinion and judgment of the popular voice, can be insensible to the encomiums expressed in his behalf: and who is not equally jealous of such remarks as would appear to crush all his rising hopes and exultant feelings? How difficult then must be the position of that critic, who desires to discriminate without prejudice or partiality between genuine and fictitious talent, and yet to advance, as in duty and conscience he is bound, the favorite Art which he has (or ought to have) made his constant study! To do this rightly is, emphatically, no easy task. The human heart is not naturally so humble as to submit to the judgment of others without murmuring; but still as we, acknowledge the duty of good citizenship is to yield to laws for the preservation of order and the public weal, so must those who seek or depend on popular favor submit to public criticism of their performances. Nor is this altogether a personal question. The *object of criticism is not to advance* PERSONS *but* ART. On this principle we endeavor to base all our judgments; but we fear in these our days, and on this continent in particular, this just view of the subject is completely lost sight of, and we feel the incongruous criticisms which appear in many of our contemporaries to be extremely unfortunate for the true progress of the Musical Art; especially as it is not difficult to trace to its source the cause of this misfortune;—the ignorance of those who undertake to criticize *everything*, and the prevalence of that insatiable thirst for puffing, instances of which are too common and recent to be noticed here. A true minded man must scorn most indignantly these little mean contrivances for gaining "a name;" and we are convinced artists, who are so *innately*, will not fear, nay, they will be much more likely to prize critiques founded on just appreciation and truth.

We have been led to make these observations, because we desire all our remarks hitherto, as well as those we may have occasion to make in future, to prove useful both to those criticised and to our readers generally. We do not, however, claim *infallibility* for our judgments; but as they are given in all sincerity of purpose, we do think that the failings we point out should be cheerfully accepted, with a view of overcoming them by practice and farther good instruction; and our readers by remarking where failings have been detected will be more likely to know when and how to bestow their commendations, than they have done of late. In fact this ought really to be the proper aim and end of criticism, to point out defects with a view of removing, or at least diminishing their force, else what advantage arises therefrom? Unmerited, or if even merited, unduly bestowed praise tends considerably to the depression of all high Art; and there are few, even with the most brilliant talents, in whom we may not detect a retrogration, more or less apparent, where we have observed the many injudicious compliments heaped upon them. The reason is obvious: why need they farther trouble themselves when their talents are already so highly appreciated? The truth is, the most talented artists that have ever appeared, notwithstanding their justly earned reputation, are not always exempt from just and impartial criticism, but these being judicially expressed have frequently proved beneficial; indeed it is but the most ignorant, and those least entitled to notice of any sort whatever, on whom such suggestions fail in effect, or produce improper impressions. Every day experience proves unquestionably that the greater progress we make in scientific studies, the more we see and feel what we *still have to learn*, and then it is we understand how truly "a *little* knowledge is a dangerous thing." Did our self-confident aspirants for public applause only wisely consider their position, and remember that whatever the various political journals may say of them—(for, we say it in all due respect, how many of them are capable of speaking critically of musical matters?) it would be utterly absurd to believe for one moment they had actually realized the perfection they would have us believe they had arrived at. To entertain such exaggerated opinions would simply prove us ignorant of the whole nature of musical art. To believe all these journals from time to time put forth, how many Jenny Linds, Albonis, Tambourinis, Formes's, Thalbergs, *ad infinitum*, might we not find reason to boast of possessing! But all these attempts to play on the public credulity are transparent enough; they may deceive us for a time, but their unsubstantial character is soon perceived.

Whilst exercising a judicious and impartial tone of encouragement to deserving *virtuosi*, but still not losing sight of the defects they may exhibit, it is surely the province of the critic to discourage by every means in his power the presumption and over confidence of many who dare to palm themselves on the public as first-rate artists; who, in the case of vocal aspirants, having a voice of fair quality, or as likely no quality at all, but a great deal of assurance, and a "little" knowledge, would fain delude us poor ignorant beings into the belief that they alone held the palm for the possession of all the natural and acquired talent that goes to produce *the* artist. They, alas, for art, are too often successful in their deception, but the duty of an uncompromising and conscientious critic is plain, and we trust, as information and intelligence in musical matters become more and more disseminated, to witness a vast improvement in the criticisms of our contemporaries. There is too much enslavement to *interest*—too little regard for that which constitutes the soul of true Art, and correct judgment.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music.

................The Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming for battle; and instead of rage,
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate or suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and sorrow and fear and pain
From mortal or immortal minds.

Paradise Lost, i. 550.

The cultivation of the Fine Arts is a principal source of the superiority in positive enjoyment which the civilized man possesses over the savage. The refined pleasure, moreover, which a contemplation of their productions excites, is seldom unattended with generous impulse. The existence of most of them, however, is precarious and evanescent in the extreme. Like exotics, they require a genial atmosphere and fostering care. Their productions are for the most part rare and expensive, and demand for them appreciation, abundant leisure and cultivated taste; but their tendency has been too often to enervate as well as to refine.

But there is one whose genial influence is as common and as gladdening as the sunlight—life's grateful anodyne—a potent sympathy which lends itself to our pleasures, our sorrows, our divinest aspirations—the noblest art of man, the only art on earth which has its counterpart in heaven—and this is Music.

Of all the finer arts, Music can claim the highest antiquity and the most extensive prosecution. Its birth is almost coeval with that of mankind; and we cannot account for the knowledge which the immediate descendants of Adam possessed of it, but by supposing it to be, like language, a gift to humanity direct from the hands of the Deity. Unless, indeed, with the help of imagination, we suppose that, in the freshness of the infant world, before sin had encrusted the senses of man, Jubal, in the stillness of the eventide, attuned his harp to the dying notes of the far-off flutes of angels, as the loitering zephyrs bore along the "star-born melody." Nor is this all a dream, for more than once since then the harmony of heaven has broke on mortal ears, as on the enraptured plains of Bethlehem;

"When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Sion Hill."

And Music would seem, even now, to preserve something of its divine origin. It awakens emotions and conjures up visions which no other power can summon, and it seems at times when the passions are still, to set in motion some hidden chords in the soul—chords which once beat in unison with the choirs of heaven, and which call up what seem like memories—memories of a sinless time, now gone forever. "It brings us near to the Infinite," says Carlyle; "we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal sea of light, when Music leads and inspires us. Philosophers of every age have borne testimony to its ameliorating influence on mankind. Plato, who excluded it from his ideal republic, elsewhere speaks of it in terms of the loftiest panegyric.

The sisters have often been prostituted to ignoble purposes, and have been largely employed in the services of the Romish Church, with little advantage to true piety. But Music is preëminently the handmaid of devotion. It has ever been in all ages the language of prophecy. With its aid Israel's prophet king poured forth his raptures, Jeremiah his lamentations, and the rescued people of the Lord danced in exultation on the shores of the Red Sea. Since its incorporation with the ceremonies of the Christian Church in the time of Constantine, it has been adopted by every Christian creed. Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Armenian have alike availed themselves of its divine inspirations; and in earlier times the old Gregorian chant bore through the portals of heaven the thanksgiving of the Christian pioneers. Now on the wings of Music was wafted to heaven the psalm of some lonely anchorite from the desert of the Thebaid; now the vespers of some holy sisterhood sequestered from the world; now swelling in organ tones through the dim aisles of some solemn cathedral; and now rising like a cloud of incense from some kneeling host on the slopes of the Grampian hills.

"Devotion borrows Music's tone,
And Music takes Devotion's wing,
And like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing."

How prolific of pleasure, how important in its relations to mankind, has been the union of Music and Poetry! How wide and beneficent the influence of the ballad and the song! The former was long the vehicle of tradition, and well it performed its office. For Music once impressed upon the memory is never forgotten. Circumstances, impressions, familiar scenes grow dim in the memory, but who ever forgets a once well known air? It may lie latent in the mind, but strike the chord, and it rises fresh as ever, and as it rises, brings with it a host of forgotten memories that had lain embalmed along with it.

The minstrel was the historian as well as the poet of the dark ages, and his character was

everywhere held sacred. In the semi-barbaric time of chivalry, when little literature and little taste for it existed, the minstrel supplied in a measure its absence. He was welcome in every baronial hall. Every festival was graced by his presence, and its enjoyment enhanced by his art. Great must have been his influence in attempering that ferocity, which war naturally engenders, to the generous gallantry which distinguishes and redeems that melo-dramatic age. The gleeman of the Saxon, the Norman minstrel, the Celtic harper, and the bard of Wales are frequently conspicuous in English history. They exerted a resistless control over the minds of their countrymen. Edward the First knew this well, and he deemed the conquest of Wales incomplete till he had treacherously invited her bards to a banquet and massacred them all.

Little or nothing remains of the northern bards, unless we believe that Fingal lived and Ossian sang; but wandering minstrels of the south of Europe gave birth to modern lyric poetry. The troubadours did much to refine the languages of the South, and how deeply is their character imbued with the romantic hue which pervades the whole chivalric age.

Far superior to the feudal chiefs in intellectual attainments, to them must be ascribed in a great measure the transmission to the West of some of the refinements which still lingered about the Eastern Empire, when, returning from a life of adventure in the holy war, they chanted to the dames of the pleasant Provence, in that mellifluous old Romanesque, the deeds of their knights in Palestine.

Not only is Music coeval in birth with our race, but its diffusion has been co-extensive. Everywhere has it been employed for the same lofty purposes. It links the lowest type of humanity with the cherubim; it is that golden chain old Homer dreamed he saw suspending earth from the stars of heaven.

But how wide the compass, how endless the variety of nature's music! The choristers of the morning, "wedding their notes to the enamored air;" the gilded insects, winding their slender horns in the sultry air of noon; Philomel, with her thick-warbled notes, loading the evening breeze with melody; the pleasant gurgling of the brook, "making sweet music with the enamelled stones;" the sullen bass of the angry ocean forever lashing the resounding shore; the low sigh of the zephyrs dallying with the closing flowers; the plaintive wailing of the gale; the deep murmur of the forest as it fluctuates in the storm; the full diapason of the thunder. But shall we stop here? Does the harmony of nature cease, when the finite faculties of man no longer hear it? No;

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

When this fleshly garment which enshrouds the soul is laid in its parent earth, and the disembodied spirit seeks the empyrean, who can tell its ecstasies as it threads among the spheres? For round the throne on heaven's crystal floor the angelic hosts are singing, singing an immortal song. The listening stars re-echo the refrain. We cannot tell the name this bears in heaven; but long ago a faculty was implanted in the breast of man, by which he learned to assuage the miseries of his fallen state and hymn the praises of his Maker, and men have called it Music.

August 1, 1856. ***

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 16, 1856.

Beethoven Literature.

(Concluded from last week.)

The last field, and one which has been wrought with diligence by none save Schindler, Prof. Jahn of Bonn, and our "Diarist," is that of the manuscripts relating to the composer—namely, his correspondence, his memorandum and conversation books. Beethoven seems to have been an industrious correspondent. The number of letters already in print, though scattered in all sorts of publications and very difficult to find, is very large. Many are in the hands of collectors; others, which are known to have existed, have thus far escaped the most careful search. As for memorandum books, a few are still in existence, useful for the dates they give, but of no great importance upon the whole. They are generally nothing but calendars, upon the blank spaces of which little matters of domestic occurrence are just noted.

The conversation books are of a different nature. It is well known that Beethoven so completely lost his hearing, that for many years before his death he carried with him a slate or a little blank book, in which those who wished to communicate with him wrote out their share in the conversation. Of these books, some of which are stitched by the bookbinder and contain probably a quire of paper, folded into a size convenient for the coat pocket, while others are nothing but a few sheets of paper doubled together, one hundred and thirty-eight (we think that is the number) are preserved. During the last twelve years of the master, Schindler was much with him, and enjoyed a very large share of his confidence. Carl Beethoven, the brother, died in 1815. Johann was much absent from Vienna, and when present by no means a congenial spirit. The nephew, son of Carl, was but a child when his father died, and thus Schindler became the person to whom the composer turned in all exigencies. After his death Beethoven's manuscripts fell into Schindler's hands and were carefully preserved. Several of his greatest works in their original scores, many sketches for future works, as well as for such as he had completed, and especially the conversation books, were excluded from the sale at auction of Beethoven's effects, and, with the consent of the few parties interested, transferred to Schindler. The conversation books were then many more in number than now. Schindler says, that upon examining them he found that very many of them could be of no possible use—that some ought not to be preserved, out of regard to Beethoven's memory and the feelings of living persons, and that, moved by these reasons, as well as by the inconvenience caused by their great quantity, he carefully went through them all and destroyed a part. In 1845, at the time of the inauguration of the statue at Bonn, the King of Prussia was induced to buy the papers in Schindler's hands, paying him a large sum down, and an annual pension so long as he lives, and thus they come into the Royal Library at Berlin.

Of the difficulty of the task of going through these books, no one who has not had some similar experience can form a conception. It is not an easy matter always to read old manuscripts in our familiar English. In this case, however, one has to study out the broken sense of common talk upon all sorts of subjects, from questions of philosophy, politics and history, down to the chat of the little nephew of Breuning's son, or the cramped phrases of the old housekeeper upon the important question, what she shall buy for dinner. All this, too, is written in German, in German handwriting, with lead pencil, thirty years ago.

Many of the books are dated by Beethoven's own hand; others can have their dates fixed only by some allusions generally to the pieces performed at the opera or at concerts, which enables one to find the date by consulting the periodicals of the day. In many cases, leaves have been torn out, and not seldom in the midst of conversations, which, after costing days of labor to study out, prove of no value because the last part is wanting. Schindler has annotated the books to some extent, and performed a good service by inserting very extensively the names of the writers. The great value of these books, seldom containing anything from Beethoven's own hand, of course, as he spoke in reply to what was written to him, is the intimate acquaintance one forms with the people who were most with the great master. Here one becomes familiarly acquainted with Moritz Lichnowsky, with the composer's brother and nephew, Schindler, von Breuning, Schuppanzigh, Haslinger, Blahetka, Holz, Dr. Bach, Bernard, the author of the text of the "Oratorium für Boston in Nord Amerika," Grillparzer, author of the text to "Melusina," which Beethoven was under agreement to compose, and so on. Sometimes we find a musical idea noted down. For instance, in a book dated 1819, it appears that Bernard, Peters, (a particular friend of Beethoven,) and the composer dine at an eating house together. They talk about borrowing some money for Beethoven, about how Carl, the nephew, is doing, whose conduct excites much anxiety in the mind of his uncle, and other such common topics. In the midst of the conversation, two pages are taken up, one by the waiter's bill for the dinner, and the other with the first idea of the "*Et vitam venturi, Amen,*" of the great Second Mass.

Several visits of Fraulein Ungher, now Madame Sabbatier, appear; one of Sontag, and of others known to fame. Nothing but the strongest sentiment of duty could ever lead a man to wade through such an immense mass of useless matter in search of the scattered facts, which still to one person in thousands repay the labor. Yet it is simply ridiculous for any one to pretend to have really fitted himself to speak with authority upon the life of Beethoven who has not done this. Whoever has accomplished or shall accomplish the task, will find at last that his love and respect for the master as a man have increased tenfold, and that his opinion of Beethoven's Boswell—Schindler—has been raised. The whole history of the sorrows caused that devoted uncle by the ingratitude and shameless conduct of his nephew, his legally adopted son, is there written. The

shame and mortification caused him by the foul lasciviousness of the widow of his brother Carl, and that of the wife of his brother Johann—a strumpet, whom Johann married and took to his house, with her illegitimate daughter, of whom he was not the father—all this is written in these books; poverty was nothing in comparison with the shame which Beethoven felt at the conduct of persons bearing his name, one which in his person was honored, pure and unsullied.

Many interesting sketches are scattered through recent German literature, depicting the impression made upon visitors by Beethoven. Rellstab, Rochlitz, Tomaschek, are names which occur to us in this connection, and especially Bettina von Arnim, whose letters to Goethe, too highly poetical for Schindler, seem to us worthy of full faith. Zelter also, in his correspondence with Goethe,

In the case of Mozart, we have a most minute history of his childhood and early years preserved in the family correspondence; but the means of tracing his life from day to day in his later years are not furnished us, as is the fact with Beethoven. What in addition to the sources of the biography of the latter already mentioned may be found by our "Diarist" in Vienna, cannot be known at present. It is his wish and intention, to make personal examination there before many months elapse, and he hopes not only to find materials in print and manuscript not yet known to him, but also to find some few persons still left, who knew Beethoven and enjoyed his acquaintance.

Hints for Choirs.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR:—Your paper having been highly recommended to me by a friend, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines. I attend church at ———, and have become quite discouraged about musical matters. The choir of which I have had the charge of late, has met with all kinds of discouragements during the past eighteen months. And all the evils incident to such a state of things have followed in their turn. Relating my troubles to a friend, he thought that I might create a little interest by circulating a paper devoted to the science of music, and spoke very favorably of your sheet. If I can get a few specimen numbers for either "love or money," I shall not hesitate; but make a show as quick as possible. I have tried to find an agent, but have been unsuccessful in my attempt.

But as Editors like short letters and right to the point, I will bring this epistle to a close. If you will send me a few specimen numbers, or inform me where or how I can get them, I promise that they shall have fair play here. There is no paper of the kind taken anywhere within seven miles, that I am aware of. Please to send the "glad tidings" as quick as you can make it convenient, and

"I hope you will credit my friendly intent,
And in kindness receive what in kindness was sent,"

By your bewildered, disheartened, and I trust will be most obedient servant, ———

P. S.—I hope you will pardon me for making you any more trouble, but I wish to ask a little advice. What book would you recommend to a choir of about a dozen members, all four parts being represented. There is no professor in the place; but we are left to grope our way in the dark, as often meeting the frown as the smile of those to whom we should look for encouragement. Most of us being in the prime of life, any advice from older and wiser heads would be very thankfully received. We now use the "Shawm."

REPLY.—It is very rarely the case that we are able to reply to private letters, owing to the numerous calls upon our time. We make an exception in your case because we are pleased with the spirit in which you write, and because we hope that our own experience and observation may be of some use to you. You ask some advice in relation to the choice of a new book. Before recommending any one, we wish to give you a few hints as to the reasons which influence us in our opinion, and to what is necessary on the part of singers before a really good book can be used to any advantage.

We call a really good book one in which there is *real* music. *Real* music expresses feeling and sentiment; and this feeling and sentiment is found either in melodic or harmonic effects, or in both. Some tunes are mere melodies, and harmony adds nothing but a support to the air. Others are little more than harmonies, and are good for just nothing unless all parts be properly balanced. Now-a-days it is much the fashion to fill up books with tunes all cut out by the same pattern, having a sort of sickly sentimentality, but no real deep feling—all such books should be avoided.

Now, can your people *read* music? When they see the notes of a tune, do they feel at once what the notes mean? What the tones are which they represent? If not, we fear that any *good* music will be found difficult.

Are your people willing to come together and really study their music? Wil they take their books home and sit down and study out tunes, as they studied arithmetic at school? If they will do this, you can have a good choir and soon get up such an interest in singing, that it will become one of the pleasures of the week to come together and practice Here in Boston people meet together, who have had regular and thorough musical educations, and study their music, choruses and the like, week after week before they undertake really to sing the piece. Now are not your singers willing to study a little for the sake of the pleasure which is to come?

We think the best book for you is "The Ancient Lyre," published in this city. It is full of splendid old tunes and of very fine new ones by Charles Zeuner. But as so much of the *effect* of this music depends upon the harmony, it is necessary that your bass singers should be able to sing their part full, firmly and correctly;—so of your altos, your tenors, and above all your trebles. Your trebles must learn to open their mouths and throats and pour forth long-drawn, full tones. Can they do this? If a discord is introduced by the composer, the notes must be sung just as fully and distinctly as if all was in sweet concord, because the succeeding notes will be found always to be just so much the sweeter and more delicious as the preceding discord may seem to you harsh.

If you have good music and your choir once is able to sing it in full and firm tones, then music will become a delight and you will need fear no discouragements from others So long however as you go hesitatingly to work, half singing *easy tunes*, so long you can have no real enjoyment. Oh, that all singers could know the glory of joining in the choruses of Handel's "Messiah," or Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—but this is music which cost weeks of practice even in such societies as the "Handel and Haydn" society of this city or the most famous ones in Europe. Good singing *must* be preceded by *good* study. All that join in, *must* do it with spirit and understanding.

Much of the music in the "Ancient Lyre" requires a free, bold, lively execution. It must go with spirit and energy. We know of no book in which joyous Christian feelings are so nobly expressed.—Here are the names of some of our favorites, "Missionary Chant," "Telemann's Chant," "Zeuner," "Seaman's Song," "Boston." Nor is plaintive, sweet music wanting; in fact, the variety of music is greater than in any other book.

Our paper is not devoted particularly to psalmody, but aims to make its readers familiar with what is going on in the highest regions of musical art, without however neglecting other departments. You will see in the specimens sent that we forward the paper regularly by mail for $2 per annum, in advance. Surely there ought to be at least one or two copies taken constantly in every choir and singing school or club throughout the land. If *all* cannot appreciate discussions of high Art, yet through the minds of the minority, the one or two even, who can, it may exert a wholesome influence. The fear of things too difficult, too high, too good for us, is what saps all the soul and nerve out of our education, especially in music. Something to promote earnest thought and study is much needed.

We forgot to say above, that of all fourpart music for practice, none is equal to the old German chorals, arranged by John Sebastian Bach, to bring a choir into the knowledge of the beauty of harmonic effects, and to teach the singers to pour out their voices in long, full, firmly drawn notes. In sacred music this is utterly indispensible. Those who cannot sing slow music well, can never be *really* successful in that which goes quick and should be sung with life and energy. *

Musical Chit-Chat.

Signor BADIALI, the great baritone, after numerous premature announcements, has at length sailed for Europe by the steamer Persia, last week, from New York; so *L'Eco di Italia* informs us. He first left Bologna in August, 1849, for Havana, where he remained seventeen months a member of the Marti troupe; after which he came to the United States with that celebrated company, which numbered a Steffanone, a Bettini, Salvi, Marini, Vietti-Vertiprach, &c. Next he entered into a long engagement with Maretzek, since which he has sung with Jenny Lind, with Sontag, Parodi and Alboni and his last appearance was at the benefit night of the orchestra and chorus of the Academy of Music, when his Carlo Quinto in *Ernani* excited quite a frenzy of applause. It is said that he will return to America; and it need not be said he will be sure of the warmest welcome in Boston, as in the other cities, whenever that good time may come.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS gives a concert at Nahant this evening, assisted by that very sweet *tenore*, Mr. C. R. ADAMS, and by CARL HAUSE, pianist, and JUNGNICKEL, violoncellist. Miss Phillips will sing *Non più mesta*, which she always does so brilliantly. the scena: *Dio elemente*, by Donizetti, a couple of English ballads, and the duet from *Trovatore* with Mr. Adams, who is set down for Donizetti's *In terra solo*. and a German song, Fesca's "Wanderer." Mr. Hause will play one of Hummel's concertos, and Mr. Jungnickel a grand violoncello fantasia. It is the first thing in the shape of a concert which we have heard of for a long time.

The New York *Musical Review* asks: "Mr. Perkins has already had his ovation; when is Mr. Crawford to have his?" He *always* has it, and he always will, so long as the work shall stand to praise the master. The *Review* is so fond of barking at this old hole, that it would do well to read H. W. Beecher's "Dog Noble" story..... BORDOGNI, the great singing teacher in Paris, who taught Sontag, Cinti-Damoreau, and latterly our own Miss Hensler, has retired, after thirty-two years of service. PANOFKA takes his place..... STRAKOSCH and PARODI are said to have cleared $100,000 by their concert tour, while LAGRANGE and GOTTSCHALK, OLE BULL, and all the other wandering stars have failed..... A neice of Mrs. SEGUIN, named Signora EUFRASINA PAREPA, is prima donna at the same theatre in Florence at which our Bis-

CACCIANTI is engaged.....A new semi-monthly musical paper has made its appearance at Albany, N. Y., called the "Musical Gazette." It is a neat sheet of eight pages, one of which is devoted to music, and published by John P. Grafton at $1 00 per annum. This makes the fifth or sixth new musical journal which we have chronicled this summer. Pray do not fancy our success so great that you must *all* rush into the business!

The members of the Teutonia and Liederkranz Musical Societies of New York, have made a pleasure-trip to Niagara, which passed off with great satisfaction to all concerned. The party, all Germans, numbered 160 persons, and left the city on Saturday week, reaching the Falls Sunday noon. Arrangements had been made for a concert on the Canada side on the following evening, but as the company stopped on the American side, they were anxious to return after the performance. The Captain of the little steamer *Maid of the Mist*, which runs up to the Horse-Shoe Fall and back daily, declined to cross the river after nightfall, but finally consented, and the Germans built bonfires on both sides of the river as guides and signals. It was probably the first time so large a company has crossed the Niagara River in the night. An afternoon concert was given by the societies, at which there was an immense attendance of German farmers, who came in by an excursion train to hear the music of Fatherland. In the evening, the company gave another musical entertainment at the Clifton House, at which Dodworth's famous band assisted. The concert over, the musicians started for the dock, where the fires were blazing. Those who witnessed the scene say the effect of the flames was very curious and fantastic; one of the number says the rugged rocks, the red glare, and the falling water, made up a view like that of the Wolf's Glen, as it should be seen in *Der Freyschütz*, only infinitely better than any stage scenery can hope to be. The whole party returned home in the best of health and spirits.

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Advertisements.